

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

'BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.'—*Cowper.*



"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

DAN RENSHAW'S RICHES.

THE Renshaws were well known and highly respected in their sphere. The grandfather, old Daniel Renshaw, was said to have made a fortune in the well-stocked dairy farm which he occupied, a few miles distant from the busy little town, whose weekly market he had to supply with fresh butter and eggs. After his death, and during the reign of his son Matthew, there was a marked

decline in the prosperity of the farm. For this various causes were assigned; among others, general mismanagement and the young master's distaste for farming. The last rumour was confirmed by the sale of the farm and the purchase of a new business. The new investment did not fulfil the expectations of Matthew Renshaw; it slowly but surely exhausted all his resources; and, in a vain hope of fortune taking a turn in his favour, he borrowed money to carry on the business, and so became inextricably involved.

The end was utter ruin. So perished his dream of founding a great firm under the name of Renshaw and Sons.

Matthew's two boys had to go out into the world and fight the battle of life for themselves. Daniel, the elder, chose the trade of a watchmaker; and George, his brother, that of a carpenter. Both were good, worthy lads, doing their duty in their spheres, and making the best of the reverse of fortune. Matthew Renshaw did not long survive his financial ruin. From the day of his death the two brothers seemed to be drawn closer together, and their devotion to each other became a subject of remark in the neighbourhood. George married, but the health of his young wife visibly failed after the birth of their little daughter, and scarcely three years of wedded happiness had passed when he was left a widower. After his wife's death George Renshaw did not rest until he had given up his house and gone back to live with his brother at the little shop which Daniel had opened a few months before the wedding. George's wee fledgling seemed to strengthen the bond between the two men. For some years life flowed on in unbroken peace to the inmates of the little shop, over which was inscribed, "Daniel Renshaw, Watchmaker and Jeweller."

Baby Chrissie was just eight years old when the shadow of a great sorrow fell upon the little household. It was towards the close of a grey autumnal day that the dead body of George Renshaw was borne over the threshold of his brother's house. He had been killed by the giving way of some scaffolding on which he was at work. The shock of his brother's death told visibly on Daniel Renshaw; his only consolation was the little orphan girl, to whom he transferred all his love.

"It is poor George's legacy, and more precious to me than if he had left thousands of pounds."

Dan Renshaw largely inherited the characteristics of his grandfather, the old farmer, whose homely virtues had built up the fortunes of his family. The watchmaker had the same thorough genuineness and primitive old world simplicity. He was like him also in a certain sturdy conservatism that despised all kinds of sham. He never married, which was always a source of surprise among his friends, for they knew he was the kind of man to make any woman happy. But the watchmaker never revealed the secret of his unwedded life, not even to his favourite and dearly-loved Chrissie; but she unconsciously probed the secret, when she one day questioned her uncle about her mother, and ended by asking him if he had loved her. His answer was simply, "Of course I did, child."

There was nothing in the tone of his voice to reveal to her the pathetic story that lay beneath his words—a story which had changed and shadowed his life. Handsome George Renshaw never guessed that he had taken the sunshine out of his brother's life when he confessed to him his love for Chrissie Bateman. No wonder that Daniel Renshaw loved her orphan daughter, for his niece was strikingly like her mother. Little Chrissie was a sort of sweet idyl to the old man—the poetry of his life. He could not tell any one how entirely his love for her filled his world; it was something that he could not have put into words. He only knew that she was his compensation for all other disappointments. He loved to see her tripping about the shop like a sunbeam, brightening when she passed. It was so

pleasant to see Chrissie during the all-important work of tidying the little parlour and the shop; fluttering about with an extensive duster in her hand, the sauciest of white aprons fastened over her simple stuff dress, and her sleeves tucked above her dimpled elbows—so pleasant for the old watchmaker, as her tidying operations were almost certain to end with himself in a vigorous rubbing up of his grey hair, to which he submitted like a pleased child. But he was not the only one who took delight in this scene, and his were not the only eyes that feasted upon the sweet picture of Chrissie's youthful grace and beauty. There was Thomas Allison, a bright-looking, good-tempered young fellow, who might have been set down as a credit to the entire trade of watchmakers. He had just served out his term of apprenticeship to Daniel Renshaw, by whom he was still employed, for Tom clung to his old workshop and his old master in spite of the tempting bait of higher wages which he could secure for himself by going to London. The old watchmaker was constantly reminding Tom of this, and trying to persuade him to better his fortunes, as his other apprentices had done. But wilful Tom was blind to his own interest, he only shook his curly head by way of negative, and glanced askance at a light, flitting figure, and a certain bright face which had a deal to do with his decision.

The daily sight of Chrissie, and the chance of winning her love, more than made up to him whatever loss he might sustain in the matter of wages. There was another powerful reason for Tom's obstinacy. He had reflected that if he changed his place of work he would be leaving the ground clear for Phil Harwood, who was constantly coming after Chrissie, bringing her flowers and books, in fact, doing all he could to win her for himself, and Tom began to fear he would succeed. So the young watchmaker made up his mind to remain. Chrissie was his guiding star, the only treasure belonging to Daniel Renshaw that he coveted. When he was first apprenticed, she was a curly-haired girl in short frocks. It was then that her reign began, and Tom was enlisted her willing slave. He loved her from boyhood to manhood, and the cherished dream of his life was to win her in return. She accepted his devotion, but she was tantalizing and wayward, after the manner of courted belles in town or country, and often left poor Tom in doubt and despair, for she smiled very graciously upon his rival, Philip Harwood, and seemed to take great pleasure in his visits. He had certainly the advantage over poor Tom in point of worldly position, holding a good situation in a bank, with the prospect of future advancement. He was good looking, always well dressed, and had easy, self-confident manners. No wonder the young watchmaker grew despondent. The contrast between them was so strongly marked, and it was natural for young girls to be caught by sparkles on the surface. Both were suitors for her hand, and one of them would be her husband. Uncle Dan knew that as well as Chrissie herself. The old man had watched the progress of affairs with great anxiety, and often prayed that his darling might be guided to make the right choice. He knew that her life's happiness lay between those two, either to be made or marred. His own verdict was decidedly in favour of Tom Allison, who had grown up under his eyes, and to whom (for many reasons) he gave the preference over his gentlemanly rival. His strongest objection to Philip Har-

wood was on the score of religion. In Dan Renshaw's creed, the great regulating law of a man's life was religion, not merely profession of faith before the world, but the religion of the inner life, influencing motives and controlling passions. He had no fear of Tom's simple, genuine piety, but Philip Harwood gave him uneasy doubts. He had watched him keenly, and the result was a conviction that the young man was deficient in all that he held to be essential in a good husband.

Thus Chrissie and her lovers were a source of trouble to old Dan Renshaw. He turned the matter over in his mind, viewing it in every possible light, but arriving at no satisfactory decision, except that his darling must not be suffered to throw herself away.

"A fair outside was as little to be trusted in a man as it was in a watch. They took the eye, those cheap, showy articles, all shine and glitter, but oftener than not they were worthless. Give me Tom! he's like a steady-going lever, with a plain case, no matter if it is only silver, the metal is real."

It was about this time that Tom Allison met with an accident which kept him from work for several weeks, thereby causing him much grief and disappointment, for he could not help fretting over the thought that Phil Harwood would be a gainer by his misfortune, and would not fail to make good his opportunity with regard to Chrissie. Dan Renshaw was of the same opinion, and somewhat anxiously watched the progress of affairs in the interest of his favourite. He made up his mind to take advantage of Tom's illness, to try and find out what chance he had with Chrissie. But the wilful sprite seemed to have divined his purpose, and made up her mind to defeat it. She managed in the prettiest way to evade all his ingenious questioning, and finally led him into the belief that she cared most for Philip. Even when unfavourable news came to them that Tom was worse—news which, of course, gained in the telling—he could detect nothing in Chrissie's manner, no tell-tale change in her face.

While the worthy watchmaker was striving to make the best of his disappointment, chance enlightened him on the subject of Philip Harwood's matrimonial views. The ice was first broken in a conversation with Chrissie one Friday morning. She always devoted Friday to setting out the window and a general dusting of the shop, work which she would not trust to the little servant-girl. The old man had just put on his working apron, in which task he had been laughingly helped by Chrissie. In spite of a feeble remonstrance, she transferred her attention to Uncle Dan's toilet, brushing his coat, and re-arranging the ponderous silk kerchief, which he preferred to all fashionable innovations in the form of ties and cravats. His tormentor insisted that as he belonged to the shop, she had a right to make him look nice "just as much as the counter, or the window and glass cases." "There, now, you'll do, Uncle Dan," turning him playfully round for inspection, and adding, with a merry laugh, "and you ought to feel very much obliged to me."

"Did I, little torment? Well, if I was a young fellow like Tom Allison, I suppose I should lose my head under the honour of the obligation."

Chrissie looked a little self-conscious, and blushed at the unexpected turn which he was giving to the conversation. She picked up her duster, and turned

her attention to polishing one of the glass cases, as she asked him if he was very busy.

"Yes, for I have some of Tom's work to do; I could not trust it to any one else. He's a rare workman, Chrissie. I never had one to equal him, and he's just the sort of young man to push his way in the world. Don't you think so, my dear?"

The young lady paused in her work as she listened to this diplomatic speech, but she adroitly managed to avoid passing any opinion on Tom.

"I think he is a great favourite of yours, Uncle Dan, and I think I ought to get jealous, and I would if—," she abruptly checked herself, and the old man finished the sentence for her, unconsciously using the very words she was on the point of uttering.

"—If it was any one else."

"Philip's coming to-night, uncle," Chrissie suddenly exclaimed, as if the thought had just occurred to her.

"Why, he's been here every night this week, Chrissie; I wish he would spend his evenings somewhere else."

"I thought you liked his company, uncle; he's so well read, and has such lots of news to tell us."

"He doesn't come here to see me," replied the old man; adding testily, as he caught sight of Chrissie's flushed face, "and I should not be sorry if he never came again, unless—" (he paused and looked meaningly at his niece) "unless you would miss him."

Chrissie felt her face burn, but she evaded answering him.

"Uncle Dan, are you very rich?"

The watchmaker gave her a surprised look as he asked, "What put it into your head to ask such a strange question, child?"

"Philip Harwood," murmured Chrissie, feeling uncomfortable, for there was an unusual harshness in the old man's tone.

"Tell me all about it, Chrissie."

He spoke in the old loving tones, and the young girl nestled close up to him, saying, "You are not vexed with me, Uncle Dan?"

"No, my pet; but I am anxious to hear what Philip said."

"You know it came on to rain last night, uncle, while Philip and I were out. Well, I was afraid it would spoil my feather, and was worrying about it, when Phil laughed at the idea of an heiress troubling herself about the cost of a new feather, and he said I shouldn't care about such trifles when I—" she stopped and hesitated, but the sentence was completed for her.

"—When you come into your old uncle's riches. So that's the way the wind blows with Mr. Philip. He wants to marry my little girl because he thinks she's an heiress. That's the mainspring that makes him such a good timekeeper and so attentive. Didn't you say he was coming this evening, Chrissie?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Very well, my dear; I should like you to leave us together for a bit and not show your face until you hear me drop something on the counter."

Chrissie promised implicit obedience to Uncle Dan's injunctions. By a singular coincidence Philip Harwood had fixed that evening for asking the watchmaker's consent to marry his niece. His proposal was received with profound gravity by Daniel Renshaw. It would have been hard for even a more skilled observer than Mr. Philip to detect a double

meaning in the simple questions which he asked from time to time concerning the young man's views and prospects.

"It's natural that I should want to know all these things, Mr. Harwood, for I look upon Chrissie in the light of a daughter, and in these days young couples must have forethought. Love is all very well, but there must be a little money to back it up. Not that I think there is anything wrong in your case, Philip, for I believe you are able to provide her a home."

A peculiar self-assured smile crept round the lips of the listener. It rather amused him to hear such talk from a man of capital like Dan Renshaw. The next remark made him feel rather uncomfortable.

"Of course I don't mean anything different to what she's been used to all her life; all I want is to see her happy; and if she loves you and you always earn sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, nothing more can be desired. Neither you nor she should covet much of this world's riches."

"Don't I?" Philip interjected, a little drily; "I'm not so self-denying, Mr. Renshaw, for I want to get rich as soon as I can—a want common to most men when they have their way to make; I suppose you felt the same before you got your wealth together."

Old Daniel gave the speaker a quizzical glance over the rims of his spectacles. Their conversation was taking the desired turn. He said quietly, "My wealth! Mr. Harwood; take care that you have not been misled by idle tales. I don't live like a wealthy man, and I work harder now than when I first learned my trade."

The young man's face fell a little, but he still spoke confidently. "That may be because you wish to add to your wealth; there is a rumour in the town that you are immensely rich."

"Then rumour makes a sad blunder," the watchmaker struck in. "I don't say that I haven't laid by a few pounds—it would be a shame if I had not; but now that I think of it, Philip, my own talk may have helped to set the rumour afloat. I have been fond of talking about myself as a rich man, because my wants were always within my means, and I've done my best to keep a clear conscience and a contented mind. The next time you hear me spoken of as a rich man, tell them from me, Philip Harwood, that Dan Renshaw's 'riches consist not in the extent of his possessions, but in the fewness of his wants.'"

At that moment the old watchmaker let his penknife fall on the counter, for he was satisfied with the result of his interview with the disappointed suitor, whose discomfited looks had not escaped his keen eyes. Chrissie, mindful of the promised signal, almost immediately made her appearance from the back parlour, lingering a few seconds in the open doorway, where her bright face was framed like a picture. But the pretty vision excited no lover-like enthusiasm in Philip Harwood. Dan Renshaw's confidence concerning the nature of his riches had changed the spirit of his dreams.

The old watchmaker murmured to himself, as he watched the two together, and noted the change in the young man's manner, "Tom's the winner, I could venture my best repeater against the poorest Swiss gimerack that ever brought disgrace on honest watches."

Philip Harwood was not long in conveying an intimation of his altered views, with a politely worded regret that he should be obliged to sacrifice

his love to prudence, as his worldly position would not enable him to think of marriage for some years to come. The result may be guessed. Chrissie fired and flashed out her indignation against her mercenary lover, to the intense enjoyment of Uncle Dan, who indulged in a series of expressive chuckles.

"The money grub might have ventured on those few pounds of mine, but it is better as it is, for my pet has had a lucky escape. I dare say we shall find another sweetheart who will be willing to take her as she is."

The words were prophetic. The sweetheart was forthcoming in the person of Tom Allison, who found on his recovery that the field was his own to win. After a year's wise probation he was married to Chrissie Renshaw, and succeeded to the business on the retirement of his old master. In due time extensive new premises took the place of the little shop where the worthy watchmaker had worked and lived his quiet life. He was fond of quoting his favourite words to Tom, who looked up to him as an oracle of wisdom. Sometimes he pointed his moral by an allusion to Tom's old rival, who had gone gold hunting to the new world. "Thou hast the best of the bargain, lad, for thou hast got Chrissie, and she is worth more than all Dan Renshaw's riches, though they may be worth having, after all."

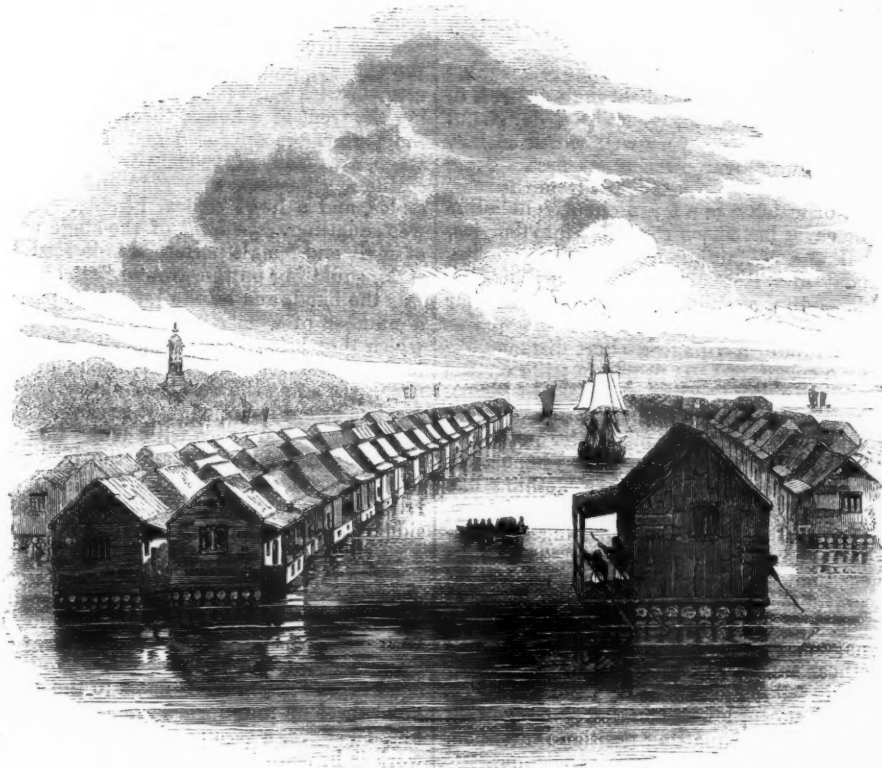
A VISIT TO SIAM.

II.

LOOKING back on the period of our sojourn at Chulai, it all seemed to have gone by like a dream, everything about it was so strange and novel. At night the jungle was brilliantly illuminated with the fires lit by the coolies encamped around to keep off wild beasts, and this sight alone was worth going to see. The tall, quaint stems of the sugar-palms rose grandly up like the pillars of some huge temple to a height of seventy and one hundred feet; and then all night long sharp explosions were heard in all directions from the bursting of the bamboos they were burning. Towards dusk every one used to assemble on the beautiful hard sands in front of the houses, and the old Regent would hold a sort of levée. He always had a number of chairs brought out, and his charming wife, whom I have already referred to, was the centre of a circle of admirers, four wooden-looking soldiers without shoes forming a body-guard, while the teapot man and a crowd of hangers-on would squat about at a respectful distance. Meanwhile, his other wives and part of his family would be bathing in the foreground quite unconcernedly. He was very attentive to us all, and every evening a carriage and several ponies would assemble at our mess-room for the use of anybody who felt inclined for a drive or ride. I availed myself of his kindness the first night, but never again, as a more horrid brute I never got across. The night before our departure, three grand bonfires were made of the debris of the Regent's house and outhouses, a very effective scene. The governor of the district, who had the management of the little colony, and was responsible for our comfort and assistance, was a particularly nice fellow, and made us promise to visit him at his residence at Petcha Bownee, the principal town, before leaving Bangkok. Though it was only nine or ten miles off, the road was so bad that we decided on going

round by a steamer to the mouth of the river of the same name and going up in boats. We arrived off the river's mouth at mid-day, but found the water on the bar too low to admit of going in, so were forced to anchor some three miles off the land, and wait till the tide rose. Meanwhile, the steamer *Imperative*, placed at Dr. Janssen's disposal by the Siamese government, joined us, and as she was of much less draught, we changed into her and proceeded into the river about 7 p.m. Here we left her and embarked ourselves and traps into a fine roomy house-boat, sent by the governor to fetch us up to Petcha Bownee.

was prettily feathered with the graceful bamboos. The town is really most picturesque, and the scenery in the neighbourhood a pleasant contrast to that round Bangkok. It is built on both banks of the river, which is crossed by one good stone bridge and another quaint wooden one. The architecture is not remarkable, nor is there anything much worth seeing in the town besides the general effect of it as a whole. Of course it contains an enormous floating population, largely composed of Chinamen. The most striking thing observable in walking through the streets was the number of gambling-houses and gamblers; and,



A FLOATING STREET IN BANGKOK.

The distance by river was some nine miles, and though we had twelve rowers, we took about three hours to do it on account of the current. Though it was too dark to see much farther than the banks, it was an interesting trip. Every now and again we passed through a village, seeing the natives congregated round a lamp, gambling, or perhaps eating their suppers. The trees in some places were alive with flashing fire-flies, while the monotonous chirping of grasshoppers and croaking of frogs was continuous. At our journey's end we were ushered into a large house on the river bank (the Kalahome's, or Home Minister's), where we found beds and mosquito curtains all prepared. Early the following morning our old friend, the governor, called on us and found us in a state of unusual deshabille, enjoying a cup of tea; so he retired till a later hour, when he again called to arrange the programme for the day. Daylight revealed a very charming abode, the river flowing gracefully past our doors, while the opposite bank

what is worse still, the greater proportion of the latter are mere children, little dots that can hardly walk round the tables, taking their bits of China money—so young, yet so depraved!

There are, of course, temples innumerable, and all in a state of shocking disrepair and dirt and slovenliness. Our first visit was to the Regent's house, which did not impress us very deeply. We were struck with the inscription: "The country residence of his Excellency the Prime Minister of Siam," written in large capital letters in English over the door, although there is only one European living for miles around. Previously we had been introduced to the lieutenant-governor, under whose charge we were placed; and, after breakfast, we mounted on ponies

* In one of the earliest numbers of the "Leisure Hour," 1853, p. 392, the above illustration appeared, which has interest as showing how little the place has changed. The writer of that article describes the strange sensation of sailing through the main street of the capital in a ship of 800 tons. There were fewer steamers in those days.

and rode up to the top of a steep hill, some 700 feet high, to see one of the royal palaces. The only exceptionally remarkable feature was a most gorgeous piece of wall-paper painted in glowing colours, and representing some startling scenes in the old Greek war of independence, in which the Turks seemed to be getting the worst of it. A curious subject to choose, but I do not suppose anybody knew what it was, beyond being very grand. The palace commands some magnificent views over the surrounding country, which appeared to be a vast plain, thickly dotted over with palms and divided into small square fields, like a cheque-worked table-cloth—paddy fields. Then imagine some huge masses of rock thrown down at haphazard, and assuming most extraordinary shapes, and you have some idea of the scenery.

The same afternoon we rode out to some remarkable caves, the approach to which led through a forest of acacia-trees in full blossom, yielding a delightful perfume. The caves were very well worth seeing, and their size quite overpowering at first. Some magnificent stalactites were suspended from the roof, in the centre of which was a large circular hole like a well. The caves have been converted into temples, the principal one containing a monstrous sleeping Buddha about fifty feet long, and sitting Buddhas innumerable—quite a collection of idols. On our return we were met by the governor, who begged us to accompany him to a village a short distance off, inhabited by a colony of Loas people (a tribe on the north-east frontier of Siam, and tributary to Siam), who were captured in war some years ago, and are still held captive. They are pleasanter people to look at than the Siamese, and their dress handsome. Their houses are abominable abodes, something like conical beehives, two storied and without windows. Their food is equally obnoxious, consisting of glutinous rice boiled down with palm sugar. The whole village turned out to see us, and it was unpleasant to see the grovelling way in which they approached the governor. That, however, it must be observed, is the ordinary mark of respect shown by the people in Siam to those superior in rank. As soon as they approach within talking distance they bend the knees, back and head down, lower and lower on getting closer, until at last the squatting position is attained, and in this attitude a conversation is carried on.

In the evening we were favoured with some Toas musicians, who performed, to our distraction, for some hours. The instruments were a heap of long, hollow reeds, of various lengths, with a hollow piece of wood passed through, about half way along, communicating with each reed by a small hole. The performer placed his mouth to this bit of wood and blew a dreadful noise.

I devoted the following day to sketching, the results of which were forwarded to the "Illustrated London News." In the evening the governor entertained us all at a banquet in quite "West-end" style. The swells have all adopted the European evening dress, except the trousers, for which they have a very easy, graceful, and comfortable substitute—something between kilt and knickerbocker, called a "serang." After dinner, a number of loyal and royal toasts were drunk, the governor and lieutenant-governor cheering most lustily; and whenever anybody finished speaking—no matter whether proposing or answering a toast—they immediately called out, "Heep! heep!" etc.; "One cheer more!" That was the extent of their English. During the

dinner our ears were feasted with the sweet strains of a Siamese band. The instruments are very curious, though not much varied. The one with the sweetest tone is something like a very large harmonicon, only instead of being made of glass the plates are pieces of hard-seasoned bamboo, fixed near their ends on two parallel strings, about a yard long. Another instrument is a set of little brass gongs, arranged in a circular frame, inside which the performer squats on the ground. These are the principal instruments, besides which there are drums, beaten with the palm of the hand in an abrupt manner.

After dinner we had a theatrical entertainment, or "lacon," as it is called in Siam. The scene which presented itself as we passed out of the house was novel and effective. A large court at the back was used for the display, and here at one end a small stage was erected, with some painted canvas behind, representing the front of a house, through the doors of which the performers appeared and disappeared. On the stage, a woman, gorgeously dressed in a tight-fitting costume, glistening with gold and silver beads and scales, and a huge conical headdress, likewise gilt, was squatting. In front of the stage were two rows of male and female performers, dressed in a similar style, squatting on the ground. Behind these again was the band, and on the left of the performers were a number of women and girls, armed with sticks, which they bring together with a clash, keeping time to the music from beginning to end of the performance. Imagine the result of this clanging, kept up for five or six hours without ceasing. On the right-hand side a clear space with chairs was reserved for the governor and party, and the background was a living mass of faces; the whole lit up with a lurid red glare by torches set on stands, in rows, on each side of the stage and performers. I cannot give you a very vivid account of the performance for the simple reason that there was nothing to describe. A more dismally monotonous affair I never witnessed; all talking and going through extraordinary contortions with hands, arms, fingers, and nails, turning them up and down and round and inside out. The principal female actors have nails to the fingers of one hand three or four inches long—a disgusting sight, but, I believe, a sign of high breeding, showing that work is beneath their dignity. The Siamese audience sat it out very stolidly, with impassive faces and open mouths, doubtless enjoying themselves immensely in a quiet way. The most amusing part of the affair (to us) was the governor's young boy, a little dot hardly three years old, who smoked the whole time, although hardly high enough to reach the cigarettes off the table. The only drawback to this amusing phase of childish precocity was the ingenious way in which he burnt holes in unsuspected parts of our wedding garments with the lighted end of his cigar. Another source of parental pride must have been the playful way in which he would plunge his fist into the pit of our stomachs, the joke of which we did not quite enter into, though of course one had to smile pleasantly. Altogether he was rather a nuisance. But the crowning piece of all was to see this youngster rushing wildly about in a state of nature the whole of the evening. One could not help envying him in a certain sense, for we found it excessively hot. After sitting patiently for three hours, we became rather anxious whether there was going to be an end, for we had heard of Siamese dramas continuing over a century—a terrible prospect. I think the governor must have

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noticed our flagging spirits, for many were nodding in their chairs, and he brought the performance to a close. The prompter, contrary to our custom, sat well in the centre, and called out the parts in a loud and clear tone, heard everywhere. But then it would be rather too great an effort of memory to commit to it a play lasting a century or so. We made our escape soon after twelve, and a most heart-breaking parting between the governor and lieutenant-governor took place. Mutual expressions of esteem, respect, love, and lasting remembrance.

As we had to start next morning at four there was little time for sleep. Fears were expressed lest we should oversleep ourselves, and as a preventive, everybody promised to call everybody else. The consequence of this wise precaution was that nobody woke up till an hour after time, and then, to make matters worse, the men who rowed us down the river were the laziest pack of rascals that could be collected, and would not row harder than could be helped. So that we got on board the steamer three hours after time, and in consequence nearly missed the tide on the bar at the entrance to Bangkok river, just managing to scrape over, and saving our bacon by some ten minutes. I returned to the ship the same evening, having spent a very pleasant ten days, and seen a good deal in the time. I found the ship overflowing with royal munificence. Almost every day either the first or second king sent down presents of fruit, fish, or vegetables for the men, and extended hospitality to ourselves in the shape of luncheons, "lacons," dinners, and actually a garden party. The garden party was rather a failure; but at all events fancy the King of Siam giving garden parties! This was his first attempt, and specially on the occasion of the opening of some new gardens. There were two good military bands, the performers Siamese, which played a variety of well-known popular airs; and a Siamese band; besides which there was a "merry-go-round." The king appeared in plain clothes, attended by his umbrella-man carrying a huge red and gold umbrella, the badge of royalty, the ubiquitous teapot man of course, and a crowd of bloated officials and courtiers. The military officers mostly wear European costumes and white helmets. Soon after his arrival and reception of his guests, wreaths of deliciously-scented white flowers were distributed to all; a rather nice custom, observed at all Siamese entertainments. A bountiful cold collation was served up, and abundant supplies of champagne.

The next thing I attended was a royal audience, and it was rather a grand affair. We drove up a party of six in three carriages, and found a regiment of bootless soldiers drawn up to receive us at the gate of the palace, looking unhappy, uncomfortable, and absurd. We were ushered into a large, fine room, a sort of ante-chamber, where we drank tea and waited till the king was ready for us. The windows looked out to a large parade-ground where the soldiers who received us were still drawn up, and presently about twenty lancers arrived, and a strange lot they were—a burlesque on cavalry, though they evidently did not think so. The horses were rough-looking animals of various shapes and sizes; the saddles and bridles had seen much service, string and red window-cord being the conspicuous feature about them. Of the men, uniforms, and accoutrements, no matter. Presently they charged gallantly through the gate of the palace, and then it was a

sight worth seeing, such kicking and biting, and beating with thick sticks, and running away you never saw, except perhaps on the sands at Scarborough on an excursion day. However, they got into position again somehow, and wisely remained there till all was over. The execution of complicated manoeuvres was evidently not much in their line. It struck me there was some difficulty in collecting the army, for we noticed Private Jones, Brown, etc., coming up at the double for some time after the "present arms" had taken place. All the orders are given in English. But the crowning event was a salute from the battery of six brass guns. It was really very well fired. After waiting for some twenty minutes or so, our ears were tortured with a frightful braying of Siamese trumpets—such an unearthly row—and then we were ushered into his royal presence. The audience-hall resembled a church more than anything else, consisting of a nave, transept, and aisles; the floor was marble, while the pillars and walls were painted to represent the same material; the east-end of the nave was occupied by a raised platform, on which the throne was placed, and the king on the throne. Behind the throne was a large square recess, containing gilt human figures, life-size, and curious articles, half umbrellas and half extinguishers, hanging over their heads. The courtiers, nobles, and other swells, were standing in rows in the aisles facing the throne, heads bent, and leaving a clear gangway down the centre. Their dresses were fine, in fact gorgeous—tight-fitting long tunics of dove-coloured silk and gold thread. We advanced up the gangway to within about twenty feet of the throne, halted, and made our obeisance. The king's secretary then read something in Siamese, like a child reading his first lesson. Then the consul replied, then the king said something, and somebody else said something else. The king bowed all round, turned tail, and disappeared through a door behind the throne, upon which we retired by the opposite one. So ended the audience. I forgot to mention that soon after my return from Chulalai, king No. 1 asked me for a sketch of the corona, which I presented; but he gave me no present in return, which I thought shabby.

Altogether it was a most pleasant and interesting trip, the only drawback being the extreme heat. One day in Bangkok the temperature reached 102° in the shade. The nights were not much cooler than the days, so that instead of proper sleep we only lapsed into a sort of torpid stupor, from which we rose little refreshed. On the 6th of May we got back to Singapore.

THE DUGONG.

THE dugong (*Halicornes Australis*) attains the length of ten feet. It has a mouth like a horse, a head like a pig, and a body like a porpoise. It is of a reddish-brown colour, lighter than the porpoise. Its hide is very thick, so that the harpoon used by whalers would be ineffective. A very sharp jagged iron bolt, five inches long, is used by the natives of the south-western part of New Guinea and by the Torres Straits islanders in spearing the dugong. The long spear-shaft (15 feet) ends in a round heavy knob, for the purpose of carrying the deadly weapon home. In this knob the iron bolt is loosely inserted.

Two large incisor teeth, or tusks, project down-

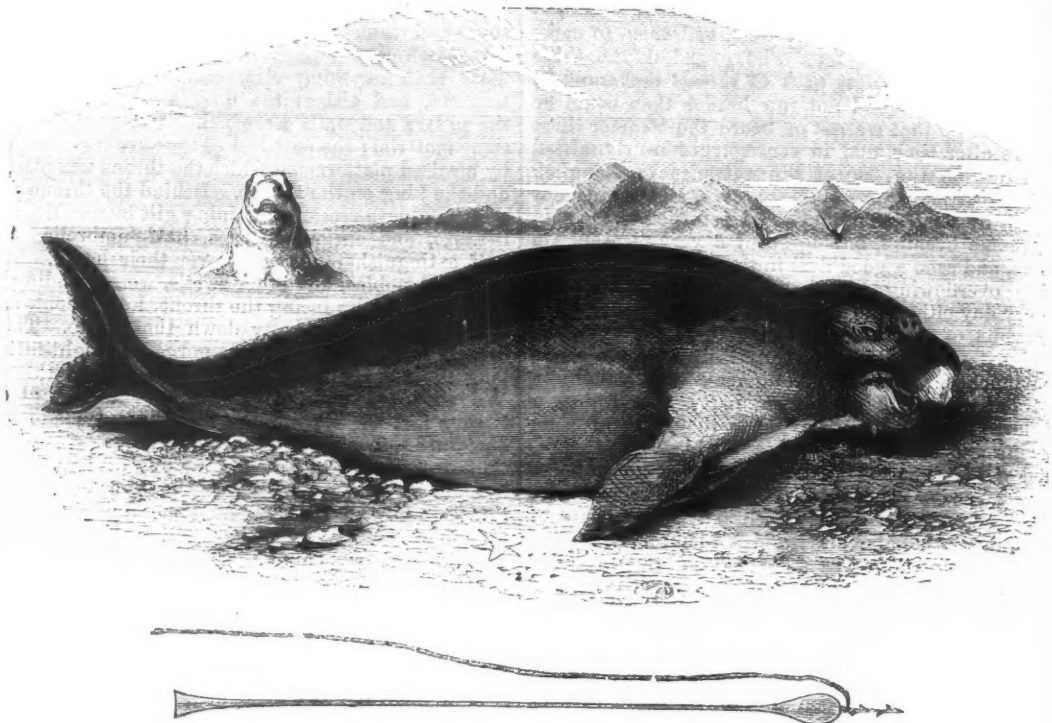
wards from the upper jaw four or five inches. The tusks and ribs (each rib weighs half a pound) yield ivory, now for the first time coming into use. Unsuccessful pearl-shellers collect dugong ivory from the natives and dispose of it at Sydney at the rate of £25 per ton.

Like other cetaceans, the dugong is a warm-blooded animal, and suckles its young. It is most frequently seen in the rainy season, when it brings forth its young. It inhabits the northern coast of Australia. It frequents the whole of the "inner route," and is very plentiful in Torres Straits, particularly at Warrior Island, Jervis Island, and at Saibai. When

The fleshy part of the back is so tough that the natives pound it well with stones in order to make it eatable.

The grass-like seaweed on which the dugong feeds is slender, articulated, branchless, and of a pale green colour, growing freely in shallow water. The excessive fondness of the dugong for this food renders it entirely oblivious of danger.

The dugong is caught at the new and the full of the moon, because the high tides then cover the reefs. At other times the water is too shallow for the creature to pass over. Natives go in the day-time to see where—hog-like—the dugong has been



DUGONG AND HARPOON.

off Bampton Island, close to the mainland of New Guinea, the sea seemed alive with dugong. For several hours a herd of forty or fifty sported round our yacht, exhibiting their strange-looking heads for a second, in order to breathe, and then diving down again.

At Wide Bay there is, I believe, a successful English dugong fishery, the more valuable parts being cured for sale. The flesh is excellent eating, tasting like beef when fresh; when cured, like bacon. Dugong and turtle constitute the *summum bonum* of a Torres Straits islander's existence. Their principal deities are those which are supposed to give these blessings.

From the blubber on the belly and the fatty parts of the inside a valuable medicinal oil is obtained—said to be equal to the finest cod-liver oil. From four to five gallons, perfectly transparent and free from any disagreeable smell, are yielded by a single dugong.

rooting and grubbing. At night-fall they give them chase, and rarely does a canoe return without one or two.

Dugong are obtained in the following manner:—Cross-sticks are set up on sand-banks, where the water is not more than eight or nine feet at high tide, amid beds of their favourite food. The spearman stations himself upon a plank laid on the cross-sticks, quietly awaiting the dugong. A line of some forty or fifty fathoms is attached to the spear-head, one end being secured to the cross-sticks. At length the herd arrives. The instant the spearman succeeds in striking one in the head—the only vulnerable part—he leaps down upon the animal, with one hand holding on to the line, and with the other hurling the spear-shaft back to his friends. A canoe-in-waiting follows to throw a rope to the adventurous spearman for him to slip round the head or tail, as may be most convenient. In a few minutes the struggle is over and the prize towed ashore. A

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second wound is never required. It is remarkable that so large an animal should be so easily killed.

In passing through a grove of palms on the Island of Tauan, I came upon a dugong-giving god. It was simply a large, perfectly round stone, painted red. A white streak encircled it. Some sacred stones have two white streaks intersecting each other. The stone itself is intended to symbolise the dugong; the bands or streaks, the ropes which will, it is hoped, make it a prisoner. The head-man who has resolved on a dugong-hunt presents an offering of fish and coconut. In approaching the stone he mimics the paddling of a canoe. On getting tolerably near, he rushes at the stone and firmly grasps it in his arms, all the while uttering a prayer for success. The firmer the grip of the worshipper, the surer will be his success. As these stones are often of considerable weight, they occasionally slip down—an evil omen in the estimation of the dugong-hunter.

On Warrior Island stood, until lately, a stately banyan-tree, completely ornamented with dugong bones, the supposed shrine of a spirit possessing the power of giving or withholding success in dugong-hunting. Under a remarkable tree of the same kind on Jervis Island dugong-feasting still goes on, the bones being piled up round the trunk.

In some of the Straits Islands, when a dugong is caught, the skulls of parents and other relatives are brought out, talked to, wept over, and presented with a portion. When this worship is concluded, human feasting begins, followed by dancing. They believe that the spirits of their deceased friends aid them in chasing dugong, turtle, etc. Hence the importance of securing their goodwill.

Dugong bacon is commonly sold in Australia, and is good eating.

W. WYATT GILL.

ON BOTH SIDES.

SOCIETY, in the present day, furnishes the observer with abundant evidence of the remarkable care which many worthy persons take of themselves. It has been said that if you give an inhabitant of the Eastern Archipelago a cocoa-tree, you give him all that he wants for his support; because he can live on the cocoanuts for a considerable time, and, before that has expired, will build a hut with its spare wood, and roof it in with its leaves; then he will make nets out of the stringy fibre of its bark, and with the nets he will catch fish, the sale of which will yield him capital for future undertakings. Circumstances seem sometimes to be as propitious to the good people among whom we live, as the cocoa-tree is to the poor Indian; and these good people, on their part, show what looks like a savage ingenuity in taxing to the utmost every circumstance of their position to their individual advantage. I am not going to find fault with the principle which lies at the root of this praiseworthy practice—to do so would be to run a muck against the practical spirit of the day, which has performed so many wonders, and is performing so many more. But I can conceive this principle at work where its presence is not in harmony with principles of a better and higher sort, and where its operation ought not to be seen, and is therefore open to rebuke. As facts and examples are better than opinions and theories, I shall set down one or two cases sketched from the life, to show what I mean.

As they are not warped to suit my purpose, the reader must take them for what they are worth.

Enter upon the scene Mr. Matthew Middle. Middle is manager-in-chief of a huge industrial establishment, from which the proprietor derives an income of £8,000 to £10,000 a year. The business, carried on upon premises covering some acres of ground, has quadrupled within the last forty years, and doubled within the last ten, and at the present moment employs an average of six hundred hands. When the management fell vacant a dozen years ago, Middle was the fortunate candidate, who, in the face of a hundred rivals, obtained the post at a salary of £600 a year. From that hour to this the works have proceeded, and, to do him justice, it may be added, have prospered under his control. No one ever doubted his administrative capacity, and indeed, from what is to follow, it will appear that it is only too good. The principal, whose wealth enabled him to marry into an aristocratic family, is never seen in the busy hive where that wealth is won, save once a week, when he drives to the counting-house and writes a cheque for the week's wages. When Middle, who had known the shifts of poverty, first took the reins of government, he was content to rule on the routine plan that he found in operation; but with a sharp inventive faculty in his head, and with from £40,000 to £50,000 passing yearly through his hands as wages, he was not long of discovering that he was lavishly squandering his opportunities, and that it was a duty he owed to his family to make the most of them. He gave his inventive faculty full play. By substituting in lieu of full-paid journeymen a number of apprentices and turnovers articulated to himself, and whom it was in his power to keep always fully employed on the best work—by keeping them active night and day—by a prudent application of the system of per centages on orders for material, and by the exaction of discounts on payments for the same; and by a series of other ingenious devices, which but to mention might be but to inculcate the greasing of horses' teeth,—he succeeded by degrees in creating a new channel for a round proportion of the vast sums of which he was the distributor—a channel disemboguing into his own pocket. Middle now reckons his income not by hundreds but by thousands, and has done so for years; and all without subtracting a stiver from the profits of his principal, which in fact have gone on increasing under his regimen, though not by any means in a ratio corresponding with his own. This clever man's prosperity is owing to the sharp practice he has set up, and to the latitude it is allowed under a proprietor enjoying the advantages of property, but neglectful of its duties.

Exit Mr. Middle, and enter Mrs. Partlett Premium. Mrs. P. P. is housekeeper and domestic financier to Lady Letalone, who resides at her country mansion within a morning's drive of western London. My lady is a person delectably given to fidgets and caprices utterly beyond her own control, and controllable only by the strongmindedness of Mrs. P. Her ladyship never knows what she wants or would have; but Premium knows and procures it for her, and makes her have it and pay for it, which she is well able to do. In this way Premium, whose settled stipend hardly amounts to a hundred a year, is able to butter her bread on the other side to a palatable flavour; for, is she not an expert crammer, and has she not crammed her ladyship so often with anything

and everything that will bear a good percentage, that the process is now as easy as slipping on an old glove? Does not Premium settle all the accounts? and are not tricky tradesmen fond of ready cash, and skilled in palmistry, and all that?—and won't they help you to live agreeably if you call in their assistance and make it worth their while?

As Premium passes away Mr. Pounce looms into sight. Paul Pounce is a man whose bread has been buttered for him by circumstances. As a young fellow he fell into indulgent and extravagant habits, and squandered his money until the bulk of his inheritance had disappeared; then, with the remainder, he bought a post under Government. Those were the days, not of competitive examinations, but of douceurs, when lucrative employments were put up to sale in a mysterious way by ingeniously worded advertisements. The post which Pounce purchased was on the point of being abolished, and the dispenser sold it cheap, with the knowledge that it was about to expire, but in ignorance of the fact, or discrediting it, that the incumbent on cessation of the office would retain the salary as long as he lived. Thus it came to pass that Mr. Pounce, at the cost of a few hundreds, realised a handsome competence for life. For more than thirty years past he has played the part of a retired gentleman, has married well, in a worldly sense, brought up a family, placed the elder sons out in the world, and portioned off a couple of daughters. The cares and anxieties of life do not seem to have oppressed him much; if his robust rotundity of person is not due to them, as he sometimes humorously insinuates, it may be attributed, perhaps, to his talent as an gourmet, in which character he is allowed to excel. As a judge of vintages, and a connoisseur in the refinements of gastronomy, he has hardly his equal in his unaristocratic circle. His political principles are loyalty and conservation pure and simple. What might have been the value of his services to the state if he had had time to render any, it is impossible to say. As it is, he reaps a life-long reward from a grateful country for having done just nothing at all, in which particular, we have heard it alleged by more than a few of the would-be regenerators of society, he is by no means singular.

An axiom as old as Solomon's time tells us "men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself," and axioms of a more modern date teach us the same piece of wisdom; but illustrations in a practical and substantial shape of the truth of such axioms were never so rife as they are now. For example, Mr. Fettle is the owner of a carpet factory in the town of Warpanwoof; his father made carpets there before him, and his grandfather in his time did the same. Warpanwoof was an inland town, with no canal, and nothing but a daily coach and one or two carriers' carts as means of communication with the nearest railway station. Neither father nor grandfather Fettle did much in the carpet trade in their time—so little, in fact, that once in the life of each of them there was compounding with creditors, and a fresh start. But some years ago the present Mr. Fettle found out that if a branch railway could be made from Warpanwoof to join the main line, he would not only double his trade, but get his materials for carrying it on indefinitely cheaper. He set to work, therefore, with all his might to get the iron road laid down. He beat up the whole town for shareholders, got up a petition for a Bill, drove the Bill through

the House when the petition was granted, had the line surveyed, pushed on the contractors, and at the end of three years from the first agitation saw the railway in full work. Now all Warpanwoof knows as well as I do—for the fact is too palpable to be missed—that the railway has reduced the cost of the products of Fettle's factory a full thirty per cent.—that it has knocked off twelve shillings a ton from the price of coals, and enables him to burn twenty tons a week at the same expense which he formerly incurred for half the quantity; and that for the carriage of finished goods to the market he pays in a proportionate ratio. The whole town knows this, and knows too that Fettle's new villa, the two livery-servants, the phaeton and pair, the "professed cook," the gardeners, and the groom, have all grown out of the railway which their money mainly paid for, and for which they are promised a dividend of four per cent. one of these days—and wish they may get it. What I want to know is, for what reason on earth everybody in Warpanwoof should be found on a sudden conspiring to set Fettle on a pedestal and make an idol of him. Why should they incense his nostrils with the sweet odour of a testimonial to the value of several hundreds of pounds, which he does not want, and they do?

Now, mind, I am not setting my face rudely against testimonials. I can conceive a case—and a hundred cases—where a testimonial, as a graceful expression of gratitude for services that cannot decently be paid for in hard cash, may be delicately tendered and appropriately accepted; and in such a case, if I am of the party benefited, directly or indirectly, or even if I am not, I don't care if I pay my share. But when a man "does good to himself," why should I be called upon to put my hand in my pocket? Verily, I shall button it all the tighter, unless you can tell me why.

I have shown that when people do good to themselves there is generally a multitude ready to do them a little more good. On the other hand, it scarcely needs showing that when really unfortunate people want a little good done to them the same multitude is rarely found coming forward spontaneously. Then the practical philanthropist, who wants their aid in a work of benevolence, has to use considerable ingenuity in hunting them up and getting them together; and just as they buttered the bread of their idol, he has to butter theirs. See how the machinery is often worked. An act of real charity has to be done; it is a sacrifice this time to pure benevolence, not a burning of incense to a golden calf. To be sure of the co-operation of the multitude who in calf business would come forward enthusiastically, the benevolent subscription, though it may be but a few paltry shillings, has to be purchased, simply because it cannot be begged. That the modest sum asked for would feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, or comfort the bereaved, is not a sufficient inducement for its bestowal; so there must be some other attraction—the subscription must entitle the donor to a chance in a lottery or a raffle, or give him entrance to a ball-room or a concert, or it may pass as purchase-money at a bazaar, or it may pay for a dinner and wine, etc., etc. Very ingenious all this, but what is the philosophy of the thing? Are not the dancer, the dinner-eater, the raffler, and the rest in all these cases, made to say as plainly as actions can be made to speak, "This good deed is not worth doing of

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itself; if I do it, I must be paid for it somehow, and get my change out of it."

Please to remember—I am not censuring the adoption of any ingenious and harmless mode of compassing charitable deeds; I am only holding these things up to the light that they may be looked at. I regard them as some of our social curiosities, and leave the reader to ponder them.

BOOKS.

BY THE HON. SIR JOHN TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BOOKS—in that little monosyllable what untold treasures lie! Books—now so indiscriminately, so profusely, so cheaply scattered through the land, that it is impossible to deny that in some cases inconvenient consequences result; yet, books, taken as a whole, are among the greatest blessings which have been vouchsafed to these later times; for if by them error speaks, vice persuades, and irreligion argues, yet by them comes the antidote too—truth also by them utters her oracles—and truth is great, and truth in the end prevails, and will prevail. There is nothing good without its alloy and antagonist; we cannot resist this dispensation, and it would be madness to reject the good because it does not come unmingled. But books are now so common, that, as in similar cases, we do not duly estimate our privileges from their very abundance and regularity. Transport yourselves back in imagination for centuries, before printing was invented: perhaps then not fifty books could have been found in this large parish; without the precincts of the College probably not one; no history, no poetry, not one copy of the Book of Life. In the reign of Henry VI, four hundred years after the Norman Conquest, and just at the dawn of printing, a clergyman, called John of Exeter, bequeathed 136 volumes to this church (Ottery St. Mary), in which he lies buried—a splendid legacy—and judge of what they had cost him! All were manuscripts, of course; and, for the most part, had been written, as he states in his will, with his own hand. And how were they to be kept? They were to be *chained* in the library of the church. This was a common precaution in old times on account of their great value. I remember some years since being in the library of the minster church at Wimborne, and there I found every book with a chain attached to it, long enough to permit it to be carried to a table in the centre, yet securing it from being taken away. But let us go farther back—time was when a single volume might be a warrior's ransom, a present from king to king, when it is hardly an exaggeration to say that a book might be worth its weight in gold. It is curious to consider what care was bestowed in making one—holy men passed their days in transcribing copies; great painters thought it an honourable exercise of their best skill to adorn them with exquisite illuminations in gold and the richest colours; and they were bound with the most costly coverings. I have often thought what Alfred the Great would have given to possess even so poor a collection as belongs to me; but how would his noble heart have swollen with delight and grateful exultation, could he have stood in his own Oxford, have wandered from college to college, and seen the treasures of each, and then been placed in the centre of the mighty Bodleian Library! We stand amazed, and well we may, at our steam-engines, our railways, our electric tele-

graphs. I fancy that his emotions would have been even more overpowering could he have been permitted to see that glorious collection. These wonders of our own times are indeed new powers vouchsafed to man, by which distance seems contracted, and the most remote regions brought together. But books are living and immortal spirits, which, by the intervention of printing, fly abroad into all lands, communicating not merely the thoughts of man to man, in the speculations of the philosopher, the narrative of the historian, and the songs of the poet, but spreading, as He who gives us all things has ordained, the lively oracles of His Spirit to all nations. The poet exclaims in a great library—

"With awe around these silent walks I tread,
These are the lasting mansions of the dead.
The dead! methinks a thousand tongues reply—
These are the tombs of such as cannot die.
Crown'd with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time."

All these inventions of later days might have been great and wonderful, as they are, and we by them might have been more rich and splendid, might have exercised a vaster empire over the powers of Nature; but take away books, and even with all these, how poor creatures in comparison would the mass of us even now be—how unenlightened our active life—how dull and wearisome our mutual intercourse—how profitless and sad our leisure and our solitude—this life how poor—our knowledge and our hopes of the future, what a blank!

Milton, in his magnificent speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, has a noble passage on books:—"I deny not," says he, "but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors—for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth—and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labour of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed—sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence—the breath of reason itself—slays an immortality rather than a life."



TRUE WEALTH.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has, in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

Trench.

TRUE GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing like an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
A lily of a day is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

TRUE PEACE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has
made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Waller.

TRUE REST.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed
are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."—*Revela-
tion* xiv. 13.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Mrs. Barbauld.



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	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
PLACES, VIEWS OF—		NATURAL HISTORY (continued)—		CROSS CURRENTS (continued)—	
Aitutaki	201	Donkey, My	520	Puzzled	385
Bangkok, Floating Street in	821	Dugong and Harpoon	824	Another Wedding at Tarleton	401
Barcelona, Prison of the Inquisition	185	Iriano, or Sphinx Moth	584		
Borgund Church, Norway	25	Kagou of New Caledonia	585	THE TALL MAN—	
Bristol	540	Pitcher Crab	200	Blitteman doesn't like it	417
Fiji, Village in	41	Robber Crab	199	It is his Ring	432
Fiji, Royal Hut	40	Seals on the North German Coast	633	The Drill Sergeant	449
King Arthur's Castle, Cornwall	281	Tiney, Sir Edwin Landseer's	377	The Guard inspected by the King	405
Paris, Tower of St. Jacques-le-Boucherie	777			The Deserter brought back	481
Polar Regions, Map of	375	CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS —		Rescued	497
Portsmouth	361	Carving from Stratford-on-Avon Church	393	Bertram recognised	497
Stanhope Church	248	Carving from Stall in Nantwich Church	393	Forbidding the Banns	513
Stanhope, Lime-Tree Walk	249	The Confessional	393	Reunited	545
Stralsund, Town of	783	The Distressed Poet	594		
WALES AND THE WELSH—		The Dagger Scene	594	THE SIEGE OF STRALSUND—	
Caernarvon Castle, Ruins of	809	King George and the Mufins	595	Herr Wechter calms the Tumult	561
Caernarvon Castle	469	The Queen and the Sprats	595	Harry Wyndham's Adventure	577
Eisteddfod Medals	697	King George and his Queen	595	The Captain of the Guard wanted	593
Geological Map of Wales	473	King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver	600	Captain Wyndham surprised by Helena	609
Snowdon	553	John Bull going to the Wars	601	Colonel Rosladin at the Franken Guard-house	625
HIMALAYAS, A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE—		John Bull's Glorious Return	601	Wallenstein and the Astrologer	641
Bumboo	104	Fox showing Treasonable Signals to France	604	Relief at Last	657
Nynece Tal Gorge	105	Oliver asking for More	660	Cross-examined by Wallenstein	673
Dakree Benick, Ascent of	265	Ignorance is Bliss	661	Escape from Templin	689
Dewallsee, Camp at	318	The Age of Intellect	661	The Council of War	705
Pindari Glacier	345	"I could a tale unfold"	663	Surprise by the King	721
Nynece Tal, Scene near	408	Upsetting of the "Reform" Coach	729	Helena and her Guardian	737
A Hill Girl	469	A Sharp between two Flats	729	Before Battle	753
Dandy Travelling	409	The Boy who chalked up "No Popery," and then ran away	761	Stralsund, Plan of	783
PORT ROYAL—		A Boy holds Mr. Briggs' Horse during his Visit to the Exhibition	793		
Port Royal	457	Christmas Boxes	803	THE GRIZLARS' LAST APPRENTICE—	
Refectory, The	489			Coming at Last	769
Arnauld, Antoine	599			Gaspar's First Evening in his New Home	785
Port Royal Chapel	664			The Salt-Mine discovered	801
Port Royal Chapel, Choir of	665				
Tower of St. Jacques-le-Boucherie, Paris	777			DAN RENSCHAW'S RICHES—	
BY-PATHS OF MUSICAL HISTORY—				"All is not gold that glitters"	817
Virginal	267	CROSS CURRENTS—			
Lute	268	Almost Blind	1	MISCELLANEOUS—	
Cittern	269	Jacob Martin	17	Alsace, Singing at a Kirchmesse in	537
PORTRAITS—		Hesitation	33	Amusing Baby	169
Arnauld, Antoine	569	Ray offers his Escort	49	Angelo, Michael, in his Studio	745
Dawson, Principal	649	Unseasonable Questions	63	Caricature Modelling	141
Falkland, Lord	57	Can it be True?	81	Forgotten Word, The	84
Forster, Right Hon. W. E.	133	A Critical Visit	97	Little Solicitor, The	137
Foster, John	783	Home from the Wedding Trip	113	Livingstone's Last Journey, Scene in	137
Germany, Imperial Crown Prince and Princess	233	The Young Couple	129	Looking back	89
M'Cosh, Dr. James	313	Consulting the Travelling Map	145	Old Story, The	441
Tait, Archbishop	182	Il Penseroso	161	New Scholar, The	617
Thakombau, King of Fiji	70	Hope explores the Ruins	177	Plough, Ancient	332
Turner, Rev. Charles (Tennyson)	413	What the Ghost turned out to be	193	Plough, Modern Horse	335
Zanzibar, Sultan of	703	The Rescue	209	Plough, Steam	333
Wells, Rufus	396	Explanations	225	Polynesia, Mariner's Compass of	710
NATURAL HISTORY—		A Rural Stroll	241	Relentless Sentinel, The	329
Adjutant, The	217	Home to Tarleton again	257	Saxony, Wedding Morning in	297
		Clarice welcomes Hope to the Manor	269	Scale of Truth, Spur, and Bridle	679
		Shopping	289	Shares!	9
		At the Exhibition	305	Shark's Teeth Sword and Dagger	202
		Clouds gathering	321	Siamese Boat	812
		The Shadow of Death	337	Sunrise	828
		Sad Reflections	353	Trial of Patience, A	121
		Captain Ashworth's Arrival	369		

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